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Heraclitus Ridens,

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Tuesday December the *7th.* to Saturday the *11th.* 1703.

Jeſt. This Occaſional Puſs is like to be Run-down at laſt, I ſee; and the Church Beagles are in full View of her. Now or never is the Word, and we muſt not think of Starting her again, if ſhe eſcapes us this Time. The laſt Seaſon, you know, we began the Purſuit too late in the Day, and ſhe eſcap'd by Favour of the Night; but now we have beat her out of her *Form* at Sun Riſing, and it's Twenty to one but ſhe *Set's* before it.

Earn. It is our Intereſt to wiſh it. Never was a Chaſe better Tim'd, or more adviſably Concerted. We had ſcarce Beat over a Field or Two, but up ſhe was put, and Ringwood, Jowler, and the reſt of the Naſute Fraternity open'd into a Full Cry, and were at the Skut of Her. She had been dead the laſt time, but thoſe who were invited to come in at the Death of her, thought fit to draw-off the Pack, by reaſon She had taken great Pains to Save her Life, and might give 'em more Sport at another Opportunity.

Jeſt. I dare ſwear ſhe thought ſhe had done her Buſineſs, and hop'd to have Pillag'd our Church of *England* Orchards and Gardens after this, without being taken Notice of. But ſhe was damnably miſtaken, we let her go on with the Shew no longer than till Hares came in Seaſon, and now if I am not miſtaken we ſhall ſtop her Journey for the future, and put an End to the Devaſtations ſhe was us'd to make amongſt the Plants, Roots, and Herbs, which ſhe had no manner of Title to.

Earn. It is our Intereſt to wiſh it; A Man cannot ſay the Product of his Labours is his own, if ſhe be permitted to live at this Juncture. It's true ſhe looks like a harmleſs Creature, and turns up the Whites of her Eyes, and ſheds Tears after a lamentable manner, ſhe makes Signs to us, as if we were in the fault, and by Perſecuting her, would not let her live in Quiet; but if Self-Preſervation be Perſecution, if a Care of our own Property, and Securing our Selves from Invaders of our Rights, bears the Reſemblance of Cruelty, what Barbarities are they guilty of that make us exerciſe it?

Jeſt. There's not ſuch a Canting, Whining, Hypocritical Offender in all the Grounds hereabout. Such a Curſed Sly Jade, never nibbled the Top of a Turnip. Hark yon Sir, I have known this very Numerical Puſs theſe Fifteen Years, and that's too long a Time for any Hare in Chriſtendom to live; and upon the Word of a keen Sportſman, I never heard one thing that was Good of Her. She had always the Looks of a Saint; but the De'il had taken-up his Abode in the In-ſide of her, and I am for no Mercy; for you know the Proverb ſome time ſince, that our Friend and Acquaintance, Republican *Nob*, made uſe of, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.*

Earn. Can't you let that poor Fellow alone, he not meddles nor makes with you. But how ſhall we come at her to do this Act of Juſtice you are ſo Importunate for, there is an Obſtacle which we are yet to ſurmount; Puſs is got into the Lord of the Mannor's own particular Ground, and it's Actionable for the Huntſmen to purſue her thither without Leave; ſo that we may yet be as far to ſeek as ever, notwithſtanding we have formally Beſieg'd the Encloſure and we ſhall certainly be at her A-~~p~~—ſe, if She withdraws from her Faſtneſs, and gives us another View.

Jeſt. Never fear it, the Lord of the Mannor is for doing Juſtice, and will not ſuffer any Part of his Eſtate to be a Shelter to ſuch a Sinner as this. Ten to One Dame Hypocriſy kicks up her Heels, and the Lord of the Mannor himſelf comes in at the Death of her. Bid the Huntſman make ready: Once, Twice, Thrice; She's as dead as a Herring; Sound away, Boy, the Day is our own, and *Nob* ſhall preach her Funeral Sermon.

Earn. That's Cruel indeed, the neareſt Relations to the Deceas'd ſhould always be exempted from ſuch Offices; you miſtake his Family, this very Puſs is his own Mother, for you muſt know he is part Beaſt, part Man, as his Genealogy will inform you, and it would be Barbarity in the higheſt Nature for a Son to do ſuch a Thing by his own Mother.

Jeſt. Indeed! I proteſt I never heard this before, tho' it is very probable, for now I remember it, thoſe ſwift Heels of his that left the Beagles of the Law behind 'em in *Lambeth-Marſh*, might have told me as much; ſo that I ſhall hold him excus'd for the preſent, and find out ſome other Employ for him. But how go Matters that are Civil? Thoſe that are Eccleſiaſtical run merrily as our Hearts could wiſh; you have read the four Mails, I ſuppoſe, that came from *Holland* on *Thurſday* laſt, and have made your Remarks upon 'em undoubtedly by this time, for you Gentlemen that frequent Coffee-Houſes are mighty Politicians. A Diſh of hot Water in one Hand, and a *New Expreſs* in the other, ſets you up for a Stateſman; and it is but to look Gravely at the *Britiſh* Aſſembly in *Wild-ſtreet*, and you have a *Welchman* at your Back in an Inſtant, to ask your Opinion of ſuch and ſuch Occurrences.

Earn.

Earn. You may make your ſelf Merry at the Expence of other Peoples Reputations, but I ſee no great occaſion for Jocular Diſcourſes from what I can gather from the Foreign Prints. Our Neighbours and Allies have ſuffer'd in the late Dreadful Storm as well as we, and been ſubject to incredible Damages. However, there have been ſuch Meaſures taken by the *Dutch*, as to give order for the immediate Repair of the Shipping, which will be Perform'd as ſoon as Commanded; for the Wiſdom of that Commonwealth is ſuch, as to have all Things for ſuch Purpoſes in Readineſs. Other Countries have likewiſe felt the Effects of what has been ſo ſevere upon us, and the Arch-Biſhoprick of *Cologn*, and Principality of *Liege* have ſuſtain'd great Loſſes, tho' the *Dutch* ſuffer'd very little as to their Ships of War, and I do not hear of any Veſſels of that Nature loſt near their Coaſts but one, which is the *Vigo* Frigate, and the *Ruſſel*, one of Sir *Stafford Fairborn*'s Squadron, which is run a-Ground, and may probably be got off again.

Jeſt. I was told as much, and God forgive me for Laughing at their Folly, on ſo lamentable an Occaſion; the unlucky *Jacobites* made ſtrange Comments upon thoſe two laſt Ships Names, the *Vigo* and the *Ruſſel*; you cannot but know my Meaning by my Gaping; therefore I ſhall forbear Reflections, leſt yon and I be taken for *Jacobites* as well as they; but you know whoſe Names they bear, and upon what Occaſions. I hear Sir *George Rook* is ſafe; if ſo, Things are well enough, and Matters without any queſtion will mend upon our Hands, if he has but the Conduct of our Navies; for a Careful and Cautious Admiral is what the Greateſt and Braveſt Fleets ſtand in need of.

Earn. It concerns us not much what thoſe Gentlemen ſay, for, as much as I can underſtand, the *French* themſelves ſhare with us in theſe Misfortunes, and it has not been a Judgment that has been ſent down for the Sins of 2 or 3 Nations only, as they would make us to believe, but the greateſt Part of the Chriſtian World, if not of *Europe* in General. But to paſs by ſo Melancholy a Subject. Have you not ſo much as a *Punn* or a *Quibble* to divert it; not a *Reſolution* or *Query* to ſend Sorow a-drift with. Honeſt Lad, Comfort *Heraclitus* and me a little, for you that can lay nothing to Heart your ſelf, can preſcribe to thoſe that do.

Jeſt. Odſo, my dear Friend, you could not have ask'd Advice of me at a better Time. Give me your Pulſe quickly, for I have walk'd by the Occaſional *Dr*'s Door in *Al——te-ſtreet*, in hopes to have a Wink from his Handſome Daughter, ſo often, without having the *Fear* of Gally-pots, and Provocative Draughts *before* me, that I turn'd *Phyſician* in an Inſtant. *Momento Turbinis exit Marcus* Davus. If you do not call me *Dr.* I ſhall be angry with you. Give me your *Pulſe* quickly, while *Eſculapius* is not in me. In good Faith, very Fevouriſh, you muſt *Trim* to keep your *Pulſes* even, or for all that I can learn from the Notices of Art, you'll be in a very *Low Condition*; and as for this old whineing Fellow's part, I know not what to ſay to him, for the Fool has been Crying for other People's Misfortunes ſo long, that he has nothing like a *Pulſe*, to inform me what Methods to make uſe of towards the Cure of *his own*. But I muſt have my *Pen* and *Ink*, and half a quarter of a Sheet of *Paper*, like other Medicine-Mongers, or I can do nothing to the purpoſe. *Your Stomach, Friend* Earneſt, *is over-charg'd with too much* Sincerity, *which lies like a Load-ſtone upon your* Heart, *and muſt be remov'd, if ever you hope to be as Fat as your Neighbours. You are therefore to take of Dr.* Davenant's *Eſſays Pulveriz'd, half a Dram, which you are to mix with three Spoonfuls of* Extractum Duplicis, *drawn from the Dialogue between* VVhig-Love *and* Tom-Double; *Add to theſe Two Grains of the Temple Wheezle's Conjugal Allowance, wrapt up in a Piece of the Velvet Bed, that a Stack of Chimneys lately beat down, and Infuſe 'em for ſome Hours in the Cordial Julep of Biſhop Overal's Book,* ex his fiat Potio, quæ ſumatur Mane & Veſperi, & Vomitum Creabit, & Somnum, quo Levabitur Cor Tuum & Conſcientia.

Earn. It's a ſign you are but a young Beginner, you write a Bill like a Dictionary, half *Latin* and half *Engliſh*; but I'm not to find Fault with a *Preſcription* that's *Gratis*.

Jeſt. You had beſt keep in that Temper, for you have more for nothing, than what the City Baird would give a *Patient* of his for a *Piece*. Should I write Bills like other Folks, I might be expected to kill my *Patients* like them too; for let me tell you, there is an Epidemical Diſeaſe now Reigning, call'd, *The Phyſician*, that deſtroys *People* as faſt as a *Fetter-lane* Apothecary's *Galloping Conſumption*. Now for the Old Spark, Phyſick and Gray Hairs are Enemies to one another, therefore he is to make uſe of other Remedies. You are to lead him into *Henry* the 7th's Chappel twice a Week, and make him Merry with the Proof of the Proverb, that ſays a *Great Cry, but Little Wooll*; from thence Conduct him to *Bloomsbury* and *Greſham College*, to let him take a View of a mighty Doe there, and let him ſee a Tranſactioner a Diſtilling the Queen of *Hungary*'s Water from *Aſſa Fœtida* and Horſe Dung, and a Natural Philoſophy Reader making Fools of wiſer Men than himſelf, by telling them that Womens Eggs have three Coats. Air him after this, with the Follies of St. *James*'s and *High Park*, and give him a little breathing Sweat amongſt the Beaux, Compliments, and Perfumes at *White*'s and *Oſſuna*'s, and if he has any more fits of the Spleen after this, you may conclude it is not in Art to Aſſiſt him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Poſt & ante. Or, Occaſional Conformity *Trimm'd* ſo cloſely, as to have neither Fore-Lock nor Hind-Lock for the Brethren to lay hold of. A Pamphlet in Folio, ſet forth for the Benefit of ſuch as know not how to take a wet Eel by the Tail, and thoſe who are of the beſt ſide of the Hedge for *Profit*, and worſt for *Principle*. As alſo the *Laſt Dying Words* of Her Party-Colour'd Ladyſhip, with Her *Will* and *Teſtament*.

WHereas *Will*'s Coffee Houſe in *Covent-Garden* has for ſeveral years, without any manner of Grounds for ſuch a Cenſure, lain under the Scandal of Wit, theſe are to ſatisfy thoſe whom it may concern, that no Gentleman of moderate Capacities need fear to truſt his Character there among them that frequent it, for there is no ſuch thing as a yawning after a Jeſt there now, or piece of Criticiſm, but only when a Gentleman comes there that has made Wit his *Laſt Shift*, and a ſorry one too of it, and his Satyr will do no Body any Hurt, *Stap my Vitals*.

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